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## WASHINGTON HOUSE

GERVAIS & ASSEMBLY STREETS COLUMBIA, S. C.

BY LEON GRAUER.

A Strange looking person sat in a repapers, but at the same time smoaking a small clay-pipe and drinking his coffee with an air of satisfaction. He wore complete suit of black, which was cut in the latest style, a flue white nectic, or scarf, being the only thing white to be

in bis dress. In staked Major L., accom several military friends. The Majir was far different in disposition and charf acter from any of his comrades. He possessed an improverpuble passion to ridicule everything and to persecute everything with his sarcasm; therefore he was much feared by his compan-HIS MARKED

The Major seemed to be in a rather lively humor, and it appears as though he was literally seeking for some one on whome to practice his acquired habit of ridicule. The party in black, whom h took for a school teacher, on account of his peculiar dress, had hardly been es pied by the Major, than he slid quietly behind his chair, as though it was acci dental, ar blew the light out His contrades mughed. The stranger cooly religible gas us though wething had happened, and continued reading.

Now thought the Major, I know m man he will stand something. De there fore approached him and said, scarcasti cally, good evening my dear famulous, at the same time grasping his hand. and with it the pipe he held which was thereby broken into pieces.

'Waiter' another pipe, called out the man in black, se mingly very quiet and

The comrades of the Major laughed still leaders The Major called him a splended

party, as was generally the case with those whom he selected as his victims, and also being invited to take a hand in a games of whist, he went into one of the play rooms followed by his entire suite, mand les ithe man in black sit

his paper, and drank his coffee, and seemed to have quite forgotten the recent insults of the Major and his party. But as soon as he had finished reading, he got up and went into the room, in which the Major was playing, and step ping up before him, and catching him by the lapel of his coat, said :

Sir, to morrow morning we fight, and with pistols. A H C R

'So, so, interrupted the Major : 'will the school-teacher brings his rattan with

in the British mayy. To-morrow morning we meet at the Poet's lane.'

The captain left without another

The entire company of yesterday ap-peared at the appointed place with the Major on the following morning. The Captain in a magnificent uniform await. ed them, and bowed very politely. The Captain not having any second, one of the Major's suite volunteered to act as

Chank you, replied the captain, I need no second. I have my jockey with me, and should I call, he knows what is to be done. You are all men of hon-or, and will allow no mean advantage to he taken of nie

The pistol were new loaded, fifteen paces counted off, and the opponents took their places, no to there You are the insulted party, said the Major's second to the captain, and

therefore have the first shot." The Captain raised his pistol and aim-

There was an unearthly stillness among the small circle, and the Major

The Captain lowered his pistol, and said, 'as the Major will not have the second shot, he shall shoot first? You seem to be certain of your art, said the Major's second, and it is there fore noble on your part to allow the Major the first shot, as well as your renunciation of the first shot. But, nevertheless, I, as well as all here assembled, cannot allow it. You are here alone, and without seconds. You have come under our regulation! Therefore, sir, shoot.

I do not wish to seem sure of my art, but be sure of it. I never joke. With

A Honey Moon Scene lan

friends, and promised to continue

universally estenouth that the brown

ov Abridal party came idovní a féw day

since; I never saw a more honey more

ish looding set in my life. The brid

love to the life. A more devoted coun

you never benefa They were littin

din the parlor one morning when I see

dentis heard; the husband say with

ner: dego vizses to tro viz ed edi

melting tenderness of voice and man

"Of what was you thinking my dar-

Purdon a thousand pardons dear

"Oh Edgar, Edgar, you are a flatter

er; I know you are. Oh you naughty

man ! You know how dear you are to

me."All seminaril to result yould "You will tell me then; good angel

that you are—you will tell me?"
"I will—but first give me assurance

that you will not frown on your too fond

Rebesen: A frown Edgar -- pay even

a reproving look from your sweet eyes,

would break my now too happy heart.

Say then, you will not from ."
"Foolish child! Do the stars from

when the poet looks up to them for in

spiration V Dock the fond mother frown

when her first born looks lup to hen ove

as he nestles still closer to her bosom?

Dies love, fond, true, love ever frown?

most devoted of men l'tofis besci

you thinking?" bus meelenitus

emma ?"

Alas. What shall I say? How sha

"Speak, loved one, I charge you !"

"That-oh, how shall I say it."

"Any how-go on-dear Rebec-"

"That if you continu-24 to son

Yes continue " saints door s

You may eatch the cholera (sobbing)

and (sob) and (sob) I may (sob) be left

I didn't, I couldn't wait to hear any

more of this conversation. I do wonder

if all "just married" folks go on after

SEALING THE VOW .- A cor espon

dent of the New York Commercial Ad

vertiser, writing from the Round Lake

camp meeting, tells the following sto-

Many people sleep in the same tent

here, being separated by partitions. As

with pretty young ladies a good deal, it

is nothing against them that they some-

Last night they say, this happened;

A young Methodist fellow from Ballston

had becone quite interested in a pretty

daughter of a religious farmer. Last

night, while a dozen of old cold-hearted

continually disturbed by the lover, spoo-

ny talk, which they distinctly heard

They heard him say in a low, sweet

clarendon voice, "Now, Caroline dear

"No, James, I cannot. What would

"But, Caroline, you have promised to

be mine-now let us seal the vow-fet

"Ne, James, I cannot, O. I can-

my father and mother say?" replied a

do let me seal the vow do !!

through the cotten cloth partition.

fellows were trying to sleep they were

times fall in love.

rirlish voice.

(sob) a widow (sob) before (sob) the

"Cabbage—What then ?"

season (hysterical sob) is over."

this fashion .- Albany Dutchman.

·Dear Edgar, you know-"

"Yes, sweet Rebecca-"

"To eat-cabbage-

fond and dearly loved wife.'

was upanimously norminated on the first

AND OUR OLD NITH You said betrees redired ton bad si ti tedt van at breed ausd

# SATURDAY MORNING SEI

my pistols I hit to a certainty, of which you shall soon be convinced. John,' and he called his jockcey, throw something up in the gir.'to stoffbard off

-'No. 'said the captain somethin something of the kind.'

The jockey pulled a plum out of his Good, John, cried the Captain, 'now throw it high up in the aird steemen

The jockey threw the plum up th down burst leto many pieces of An involuntary brave, escaped th lips of the lookers on. The Major turn

d pale as death. The Captain did not speak anoth word about the plum shot, but quietly

The Major had also regained some his coolness." 'Shoot, Major,' cried the captain.

The second wanted to interfere, but One morning as I was g he captain put him back and shouted a little rougher. Shoot, majords The Major shot, and-missed

Shoot again, major; you aimed miserably Should I fall it will be ucky, not alone for you but for all of these goutlemen, because I intend to make you, one and all, look into the muzzle of my pistol.'

These words seemed like shricks to he lookers on. Every one excused him self for having laughed yesterlay. The record said nothing against the second shot because the Majar now shot for them all, then if this monster did not bite the dust he would shoot all down Boggs (she never events like that unless shot because the Majar now shot for

The Major raised his pistol and aim ed, but every thin, seemed swimming before his eyes. His perves were un-

I was your teacher in joke; to day I will have to be your teacher in carnest.
You hold your weapon too high. Y

will never hit me: The Majorshot and missed. And ho perspiration could be seen on the so anx.

and aimed and-lowered it again .-'Major,' spoke the Captain, 'you are a miserable creature. I enquired about I thought I could get her some roses you yesterday and every one speaks ill for the front yard. Told her I knew a of your In two minutes you have ceased to live. Now I will be your teacher, potatoes, but it wasn't the right time for and command you to pray to the great and retaliating God, and ask his forgiv- the ground is much better employed in eness for your sins. Pray that all people whom you have wronged may forgive you and God will have morey on your soul. Hars off contlement When we speak with the Great Master of the wanted. A was busy all day, but just world it must be done with the un over-

All took off their hats and the jockey his cap. With his eyes up-lifted towards heaven the Captain prayed fervently in behalf of the Majore The stern man's prayer had touched all. The Majors heart beat audible. He was seeds, cre," now upon that bridge which separates life from death.

Amen! came from all the lips.

Oh! the plum had touched all hearts. All put their hats on again. The hour of death had come. The Major had not a drop of blood in his countenance. He rembled so violently that he was hardly able to stand erect. In order to end his misery the Captain nimed quickly and—lowered his pistol, handed it to life of me what my wife wanted of a his jockey, and said, The man is not few she's about the place, as she never worth a charge of powder,' and left.

The next evening he appeared again another woman.

ressed in black, in the cafe, but no one As the florist looked more staggered lressed in black, in the cafe, but no one disturbed him.

The Major, of course, saw himself compelled to resign his position in the armyed addred well to gittle get walls

A fellow of eighteen summers invested a banana on the cars recently. He carefully removed the peci, and put it on the seat by his side, then he broke the fruit up in small bits, eyeing it anxiously as he did so. When this was done he picked up the peel, shook it in his lap and finally threw the pieces out of the window, remarking as he did so, "That's the fast of them prize packages I ever bought, and it's the last, you bet."

The Lowell Courier says there is a good deal of snuff-dipping smong the factory girls in that city.

Vexations of a Front Ward to

MUTILATER TORRESTEE TO THE FOLL

ing is an extract from a lotter writ The jockey pulled out his hankerchief ... We have recently migred tops of hour that has a front yard wolland Have atway smaller, a piece of money, a button or slived in houses whose from yord w the Street, to Children will play in th yard whicher there is a street deonic through it sor not god for who of the of them had burel project form in over by the teams the historical raise captain simed; there was a flash and a she must rear a housesta b night out report, and the plum came spurting street in it. Some da off at lastification they are imphestrated much andre acoumblating their daily purpose afont row escapesnedth abruter evisoer bus TV ifm Isaidsthe ward dwisted barrowish Bester, phalestophin ben Bedurder tuon reloaded his pistol in the presence of hinted that a fittle gass would liely the second, and went back to take his a now I She asked mang therew level could aget some, midsletone herether knew a little grass widow on the nex street if she would libit Tofficated followed by the rolling pagers if it tes

wife asked he is hing her a few "annuals" when I came back. I wondered what the wanted with annuals as I node down in the areas car, but I am accustomed to a bind about once to her requests, so when I went tome at night I brought her some amuals. There were "Ir lives to the County of the County Annual Offering," and a "New Year' Address," for 1862, and ther Birth Da

Gift," and numerous annual addressed before agricultural associations that ha

under great excitement,) (what have you brought me 1";
"Annuals, Mrs. Foggs," said I. "You raid you wanted some annuals, and here they are.
Then Mrs. Boggs paret out laughto.

the face, At last he said; Yesterday and cried, "Why, you old fool you, (we have been married twenty years, but Mrs. B. calls me pet finnes yet, the annuals I mean are flowers such as verbenas, pausies, morning glories, mignonette and the like to set out in our front yarde Then she took all the annuals I had been at so much pains to When the cantain raised his pistol collect, and set them out in the b. yard among other rubbish.

The next morning she asked me if man who had got a lot of carly rose setting them out, (I have an idea that raising a potato than in raising a flower. unless it be a barrel of flour, Wife said I hadn't a bit of taste. She then gave me a memoranda of roses she as I was about taking a car for home thought of the roses. I referred to the

memoranda and found the following : "Get a few geraulums, fuchias, heliotrone, roses, bourbon, running rose, "Prairie Queen," golden tea plant vines, English ivy, Wandering Jew.

seeds, etc. incomprehensible. . She had evidently got things mixed up a However, I went to a florist's and told him what I wanted. Said I : "tive me a few geraniums and

a few she's, and -"
"A few what?" asked the flower man, looking very puzzled to rovat at, and

"A few she's," said I, turning very red, I know, for I couldn't tell for the could live in the same house with

than over, I hand d him the memoranda. when he bursted into a loud faugh. "Why man," he cried, "it's fuchuses

she wants!" and then he roared ug ain! "Well, whatever it is, give men couple of yards of it an how .- front and back yards, too." You see I was mad.

I got the things the memeranda seemed to call for at various places, and word home "Here, Mrs. Boggs/" said I, tustily, are the things for your front yard." "Why, what is this ?" she cried, as

thrust'a two gallon jug upon her among other things. "Bourbon, my dear, I found it on the memorands. Pretty thing to set out in neighbors we've got?"

rasot larceny. for Boggs logou o are abouteredal al, that memorandum was a Bourboh Rose " holding up a dime novel, with a highly scene that took place at Saratoga, a short colored title page, representing a geriatime since, between a newly married Bute what is this noty little book? geous square on the flary and untamed couple who were spending the honey

mustang with a dT ordered it, didn't you? That is, 'Running Rose; or the Prairie Queen, one of the Beadle's you thought

know is been testing dit out to get the My. wife carried it at arm's length and threw it into the store. Then she took the jug of Bourbon and empired it into the back gutter. While she was goue I conecaled Alexander Dumas "Wandering Jew", which I also had purchased, for I began to see that I had made a terrible blunder in filling that order. (I have since accretained that replied the bride looking as langelie a vinc. but how was I expected to know all about 17 — Lat Contributor's ling?"

Saturday Night.

soild aga Rissian Ghost Store onvention have neminated for Pre-

In a certain village the story runsso noble a being." to rid salot all there was a girl who hated work but loved gossip. So she never spun her self, but used to invite the other girls to hor house, where she feasted them and they spun for her. During one of these spinning feasts a dispute arose as to which of the party was the boldest.

"I'm not afraid of anything," said the lazy bones, mon taleness and the on're not afraid, go through the grave yard into the church, take down the

Holy Picture from door, and bring it here."; "Yery good," said she; "I'll bring it only each of you must spin me a distast

Well, she went to the church, tool own the picture, and brought it home with her. But then the picture had to hour had arrived. Who was to take it "Go on spinning you girls," said th

lazy-bones; "I'll take it back myself.
I'm not afraid of anything!"
So she went back to the church and replaced the picture. As she passed through the grave-yard on her return, she saw a corpse in a white shroud right, and everything was visible. She went up to the corpse and pulled its broud off. (Its hour for stirring hadn't

carrying the shroud with her. After supper, when everybody had one to bed, all of a sudden the corpse apped at the window, saying, "Give me y shroud! Give me my shroud!" The other girls were frightened out of their wits. But the lazy-bones took the shroud, opened the window, and said:

arrived, perhaps.) Then she went home.

"There, take it." "No," replied the corpse "take it to he place you took it from."

Just then a cock crowed; the corpse

Next night, at the same hour, after Il the spinners had gone to their own iomes, the corpse came again, tapped at the window, and cried:
"Give me my shroud!"

Well, the girl's father and mother pened the window and offered the orpse its shroud, but it cried :

"No! Let her carry it back to the place she took it from."

Just then the cooks began to crow the corpse disappeared. Well, next day they sent for the priest, and told him the whole story, and implored him to help them. The priest reflected awhile hen told the girl to come to mass next day. So in the morning she went to mass. The service began. Numbers of people came to it. But just as they were going to sing the "Cherubim Song," a terrible whislwind arose. And it caught up that girl in the air and then flung her down on the ground And straightway the girl disappeared rom sight; northing was ever found of her except her back hair - The Corn-

A Wonderful thing is the human, hand, and nobody wonders at it more than the infant which lies on its back us, do let us won't you? Do kiss and kicks and crows with delight at the new discovery. at-Carbined Corbin in the pull-ston

SATTIRDAY, SEPT. 28, 1872.

ALWAYS IN ADVANCE

. Hin Fire and the Newston

Stories of Col. Fisk are constantly in little incident that occurred not many months before his death is perhaps one of the most touching of any that have been given to the public. This one Mrs. Fisk takes especial pleasure in recalling, illustrating as it does, her husband's kindness of heart, his sympathy and readiness to help those who needed aid. Col. Fisk had often noticed in Twenty-third street a little cripple newsboy, and one day he spoke to him in his bluff, off-hand manner:

"Well, my boy, how's business?"
"Not very good sir" was the reply.

"What's the matter?" "Why, you see I'm lame, and I can't run, and the other boys get ahead of me, and I can't sell my papers very "I hardly dare tell you, pet.
"What, loveliest of your sex, distrust miroller General. ".llow

"Nothing good look out for wort, is it? I say my boy, how would you like

The boy locked perplexed, and eyed Edgar, if I have even seemed to wrong the Colonel curiously; "I think we might strike up a bar-"Spoken like your own true self-like gain. You come to the Opera House at 11 this morning. I've got a plan for

you; now be on time." At 11 o'clock the boy was there, quito carious to know what the Col

Hullon, boy; you're a good one. Now see here; do you know a good place for a paper stand?"

"Yes sir tip top" usr0 off

"Down here at the corner."
"How much will a stand cost?" Lots of money, much as lifty or

hundred dollars, the ail. H . vill "You don't say so, why that's a for tune. Do you think there's money to be made there?" "Yes, I do. It's a first rate place."

I feel, I know, you are the best the take care of it and we'll be par and I will go into the paper be "Tell me, then, love; of what were Col. Fisk then arranged with the Boy what of the profits he should rece 'Of you, only of you, Edgar, on my told him when the stand should be re and sent him on his way rejoicing. The plan was successful. Trade was good And what of me, my own Rebecca?" and every week the bay carried his share extricate myself from this perilous diof the money to his partners Sening the hoys determination, Col. Fish quietly put the money aside and one day gave it all to the boy releasing him from his contract to pay any part of the money to himself. When Col. Fisk diedthere was nowhere a sinceror mourner than this

> the burial. and appired will bee THE PHILOSOPHER AND THE FEERYa ferry boat to cross a stream, on the passage he inquired of the feet wasn'tf he understood the arithmetic. The man looked astonished.
> "Arithmetic? No, sir I never heard

little newsboy, and the little standon the

corner was heavily craped on the day of

of it before; The philosopher replied; I am very sorry for one quarter of our life in conscious file has years."

A few minutes after he asked the ferryman; "Do you know anything of mathems

The boatman smilled, and replied young Methodist fellows are thrown "Well, then," said the philosopher, mother quarter of your life is gone. A third question was asked the ferry

"Do you understand astronomy?" "Oh, no, no, never heard of such a predict will do so in the

"Well, my friend, then another quar-Just at this moment the bont ran on s rock, and was sinking, when the ferryman jumped up, pulled off his coat, and

asked the philosopher, with great carnestues of manuary out at meribaces A "Sir can you swim?" oil odt lo can

"No," said the philosopher.
"Well, then," said the ferryman
'your whole life is lost, for the boat's going to the bottom were of boorded for Cain having readynd the

When may your money he baid to be glad to see you? When it is mute elacted currency or the harm a st oll Why is a man's life safest in the last stages of dyspepsia? Because he can's

di-gest them. Counter irritants | People who examine the whole of the stock and buy

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you s'pose it'll stay there with the did, Tom ! And I said yes to the keep us awake all night if you don't l'as wrong one !" and a weet to walled tall !

"What's the matter, Mary? Are you

In a moment the tent partition parted hapay because heither of those fellows and a big-whiskered brother who wanyou were flisting with at croquet yester- ted to sleep, shouted "For God's sake the front yard, though. How long do day proposed to you?," Mary-"Both Carrie let Jim seal that yow: He'll

The vow was scaled.

nothing of sit of redment a vis-

NUMBER 33